

76 YEARS OLD AND VIGOROUS

A Veteran of the Late War Adds One More Name to the List of Striking Cures by Pink Pills in Michigan.

AN OLD-FASHIONED, LARGE FAMILY OF THIRTEEN CHILDREN.

From the Courier-Herald, Saginaw, Mich.

A few years ago a wave of La Grippe swept over the land and brought thousands of its victims to the grave. Others who escaped the late fever in sorrow and suffering, broken in health and spirit.

Terrible as was the disease, its after effects were yet more appalling, as it sought out the weaknesses of the constitution and left thousands shattered wrecks of their former selves. A few days ago a Courier-Herald representative, while at the thriving little town of Akron, Mich., met John L. Smith, a veteran of the industrial army, on whose aged head the disease had fallen, and he heard him tell how he had suffered and what had given him relief.

papers reported cures of cases similar to mine effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and thought I would try them. I bought a box and continued their use with good results. I soon began to gain in strength and health and felt the good effect of the Pills.

"They were the first things that had been able to give me relief. They have been of great benefit to me and I can strongly recommend them to anyone suffering from paralysis."

The case of another veteran has come to the attention of this paper and it is here given: When, in 1861, the fate of our Union hung trembling in the balance, and President Lincoln issued his famous call for volunteers to go to the front and fight for its preservation, an immediate response swept over the North like a tidal wave, and regiment after regiment of brave boys in blue quickly sprang up from every quarter. Unminded of the privations of a soldier's life, and the horrors of war, they shouldered their muskets and marched to the front to battle for their country.

Among the first to answer the call was E. G. Matthews, who enlisted as a member of Company D, 103d Ohio Infantry, and who fought bravely until the close of the great struggle. Mr. Matthews now lives with his wife and family of six children and grandchildren on his farm near Akron, Tuscola County, Michigan. While in the ranks he contracted inflammatory rheumatism, and this finally developed into a permanent form of rheumatism, that has always troubled him since that time. When I was mustered out in 1865 I went back to Ohio to the place where I enlisted and was laid up there in bed for 12 weeks. I then got out for a short time and was again laid up for a long spell. Since then I have been a victim of these attacks and they have laid me up for much of the time.

"My case was also complicated by severe kidney troubles and other diseases that baffled the best medical skill. I have tried many physicians and also proprietary articles of all kinds that were said to be good for such troubles as mine. In my search for health I spent hundreds of dollars, but it seemed to be all in vain, and nothing seemed to reach my trouble and give me relief. About a year ago a friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and although I had no faith in them, I bought a box and began to take them. After I had begun on the third box a great change in my condition began to appear, and my trouble for over thirty years' standing began to be cured. I took four boxes more and then felt so well that I discontinued their use.

"I am now able to work on my farm and have no fear of the old trouble coming back so long as I can get a box of Pink Pills. My case was a particularly deep seated one, of long standing, and so I want to let others who are afflicted as I was, know the benefit that these Pink Pills for Pale People have been to me."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are now given to the public as an infallible blood builder and nerve restorer, curing forms of weakness arising from a watery condition of the blood or shattered nerves. The pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the 100), by addressing Dr. Williams' Med. Co., Schenectady, N. Y.



"I had been wanting to say something else to you when I had got rid of my dreadful message. I do not know if you still care to hear. But you were once generous enough to think that I had done you a service in bringing a letter to your commander. Although I know better than anyone else the genuine devotion to your duty that made you accept my poor service, from all that I can hear you have never had the credit of it. Will you now try me again? I am in more favor here, and I might yet be more successful in showing your superiors how true you have been to your trust, even if you have little faith in your friend Matilda Faulkner."

For a long time he remained motionless with the letter in his hand. Then he arose, ordered his horse and galloped away.

There was little difficulty in finding the cemetery of Three Pines crossing—a hillside slope, heaved with pine and cypress and starred with white crosses, that in the distance looked like flowers. Still less was there in finding the newer marble shaft among the older lichen spotted slabs, which bore the simple words: "Alteo Benjamin, Martyr." A few confederate soldiers, under still plainer and newer wooden headstones, carved only with initials, lay at her feet. Brant sank on his knees beside the grave, but he was thrilled to see that the base of the marble was stained with the red pollen of the faithful lily, whose blossoms had been heaped upon her mound, but whose fallen petals lay dark and sodden in decay.

How long he remained there he did not know. And then a solitary bugle from the camp seemed to summon him as it had once summoned him before—and he went away—as he had gone once before—to a separation that he now knew was for all time.

Then followed a month of superintendence and drill, and the infusing into the little camp under his instruction the spirit which seemed to be passing out of his own life forever. Shut in by alien hills on the border land of the great struggle, from time to time reports reached him of the bitter fighting and almost disastrous successes of his old division commander. Orders came from Washington to hurry the preparation of his raw levies for the field, and a faint hope sprang up in his mind. But following it came another dispatch ordering his return to the capital.

He reached it with neither hope nor fear, so benumbed had become his spirit under this last trial, and what seemed to be now the mockery of his last sacrifice to his wife. Though it was no longer a question of her life and safety, he knew that he could still preserve her memory from stain, by keeping her secret even though its divulgence might clear his own. For that reason he had even hesitated to inform Susy of her death, in the fear that in her thoughtless irresponsibility and impulsiveness she might be tempted to use it in his favor. He had made his late appointment a plea for withholding any present efforts to assist him. He even avoided the Boompointers' house, in what he believed was partly a duty to the memory of his wife. But he saw no inconsistencies in occasionally extending his lonely walks to the vicinity of a foreign legion, or in being lifted with a certain expectation at the sight of its liveries on the avenue. There was a craving for sympathy in his heart, which Miss Faulkner's letter had awakened.

Meantime he had reported himself for duty at the war department, with little hope, however, in that formality. But he was surprised the next day when the chief of the bureau informed him that his claim was before the president.

"I was not aware that I had presented any claim," he said a little laughingly.

The bureau chief looked up with some surprise. This quiet, patient, reserved man had once or twice puzzled him before. "Perhaps I should say 'case,' general," he said, drily. "But the personal interest of the highest executive in the land strikes me as being desirable in anything."

"I only mean that I have obeyed the orders of the department in reporting myself here, now and before," said Brant, with less feeling, but none the less firmness, "and I should imagine it was not the duty of a soldier to question them, which I fancy a 'claim' or a 'case' would imply."

He had no idea of taking this attitude before, but the disappointments of the past month, added to this first official notice of his disgrace, had brought forward again that dogged, reckless, yet half-scornful, determination that was part of his nature.

The official smiled. "I suppose, then, you are waiting to hear from the president," he said, drily.

"I am waiting orders from the department," returned Brant quietly, "but whether they originate in the president or commander in chief, or not, it does not seem for me to inquire."

Even when he reached his hotel this half savage indifference which had taken the place of his former incoherence had not changed. It seemed to him that he had reached the crisis of his life.

was suppressed in some way. Have you any enemies, Gen. Brant?"

"None that I know of."

"Then you probably have. You are young and successful. Think of the hundred other officers who naturally believe themselves better than you are, and haven't a traitorous wife. Still, the department may have made an example of you for the benefit of the only man who couldn't profit by it."

"Might it not have been, sir, that this suppression was for the good report of the service—as the chief offender was dead?"

"I am glad to hear you say so, general, for it is the argument I have used successfully in behalf of your wife."

"Then you know it all, sir?" said Brant, after a gloomy pause.

"All I think. Come, general, you seemed, just now, to be uncertain about your enemies. Let me assure you you need not be so in regard to your friends."

"I dare to hope I have found one, sir," said Brant, with almost boyish timidity.

"O, not one," said the president, with a laugh of depreciation. "Some one much more potent."

"May I know his name, Mr. President?"

"No. For it is a woman. You were nearly ruined by one, general. I suppose it's quite right that you should be saved by one. And, of course, irregularly."

"A woman!" echoed Brant.

"Yes! One who was willing to confess herself a worse spy than your wife—a double traitor—to save you! Upon my word, general, I don't know if the department was far wrong; a man with such an alternately unsettling and convincing effect upon a woman's highest political convictions, should be under some restraint. Luckily the department knows nothing of it."

"Nor would anyone ever have known from me," said Brant, eagerly. "I trust that she did not think—that you, sir—did not for an instant believe that I—"

"O, dear, no. Nobody would have believed you! It was her free confidence to me. That was what made the affair so difficult to handle. For even her bringing your dispatch to the division commander looked bad for you—and you know he even doubted its authenticity."

"Does she—does Miss Faulkner—know the spy was my wife?" hesitated Brant.

The president twisted himself in his chair, so as to regard Brant more gravely with his deepest eyes, and then thoughtfully rubbed his leg. "Don't let us travel out of the record, general," he said, after a pause. But as the color surged into Brant's cheek, he raised his eyes to the ceiling and said, in half humorous recollection:

"No, I think that fact was first gathered from your other friend—Mr. Hooker."

"Hooker!" said Brant, indignantly. "Did he come here?"

"Pray don't destroy my faith in Mr. Hooker, general," said the president, in half weary, half humorous deprecation. "Don't tell me that any of his inventions are true! Leave me at least that magnificent liar—the one perfectly intelligible witness you have. For from the time that he first appeared here with a grievance and a claim for a commission, he has been an unspeakable joy to me and a convincing testimony to you. Other witnesses have been partisans and prejudiced. Mr. Hooker was frankly true to himself. How else should I have known of the care you took to disguise yourself, save the honor of your uniform and run the risk of being shot as an unknown spy at your wife's side except from his magnificent version of his part of it! How else should I have known the story of your discovery of the Californian conspiracy, except for his supreme portrayal of it, with himself as the hero. No, you must not forget to thank Mr. Hooker—when you meet him."

"Miss Faulkner is at present more accessible; she is calling on some members of my family in the next room. Shall I leave you with her?"

Brant rose, with a pale face and a quickly-throbbing heart, as the president, glancing at the clock, untwisted himself from the chair, and shook himself out at full length, and so gradually to his feet. "Your wish for active service is granted, Gen. Brant," he said, slowly, "and you will at once rejoin your old division commander, who is now at the head of the Tenth army corps. But," he said, after a deliberate pause, "there are certain rules and regulations of your service that even I cannot with decent respect to your department override. You will, therefore, understand that you cannot rejoin the army in your former position."

The slight flush that came to Brant's cheek quickly passed. And there was only the unspoken sparkle of a newly young in his frank eyes as he said: "Let me go to the front again, Mr. President, and I care not how."

The president smiled, and, laying his heavy hand on Brant's shoulder, pushed him gentle toward the door of the inner room. "I was only about to say," he added, as he opened the door, "that it would be necessary for you to rejoin your promoted commander as a major general. And," he continued, lifting his voice, as he gently pushed his guest into the room, "he hasn't even thanked me for it, Miss Faulkner!"

The door closed behind him, and he stood for a moment dazed, and still hearing the distant voice of the president in the room he had just quitted, welcoming a new visitor. But the room before him, opening into a conservatory, was empty save for a single figure that turned half timidly, half mischievously toward him. The same quick, sympathetic glance was in both their faces; the same timid, happy look in both their eyes. He moved quickly to her side.

"Then you knew that—that woman was my wife?" he said, hurriedly, as he grasped her hand.

room and at an open door beyond.

"Let us," she said, faintly, "go into the conservatory."

It is but a few years ago that the humble chronicler of these pages moved with a wondering crowd of sightseers



"Let us," she said, faintly, "go into the conservatory."

In the gardens of the white house. His attention was attracted by an erect, handsome, soldierly looking man, with a beard and mustache slightly streaked with gray, who, with a stately lady on his arm, was peering out the various objects of interest to a boy of 12 or 14 at their side.

"And although, as I told you, this house is reserved only for the president of the United States and his family," said the gentleman, smilingly, "in that little conservatory I proposed to your mother."

"O, Clarence, how can you," said the lady, reprovingly; "you know it was long after that!"

THE END.

"I think she is a two-faced creature." said one of the girls indignantly. "Oh, no," returned Miss Cordial, "if she had no two faces she would never use this one."—Washington Star.

SEASIDE EXCURSION TICKETS

Summer excursion tickets, good to return until October 10th, to Yaquina Bay, are now on sale by the Oregon Central & Eastern R. R. at Albany and Corvallis at the usual reduced rates, viz:

Albany to Yaquina and return \$3 50
Corvallis " " " 3 25

In this connection arrangements have been made whereby the tug "Resolute" has been placed in regular service between Yaquina and Newport for the accommodation of excursionists. The "Resolute" is one of the largest and most commodious tugs on the Pacific coast and will take fishing parties to sea and return whenever desired the weather permitting.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.

Beginning with Sunday, June 21st, and on each succeeding Sunday, a special excursion train will leave Albany at 7 A. M., Corvallis 7:30 A. M., arriving at Yaquina at 11:15 A. M. Returning, boat leaves Newport at 6:30 P. M. Train leaves Yaquina at 7 P. M., arriving at Corvallis at 10 P. M. and Albany at 10:30 P. M.

Fare, good on this train only, from Corvallis, Albany and Philomath to Newport and return, \$1.50.

CORVALLIS, JUNE 17, 1896.

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